THE HISTORY OF Tarquin *and* Lucretia.

Licenſed Decemb. 26. 1668.
Roger L' Eſtrange.

LONDON,
Printed by *T. Leach*, for *C. Wilkinſon*, at the *Black Boy* over againſt St. *Dunſtans Church* in *Fleet-Street*, 1669.

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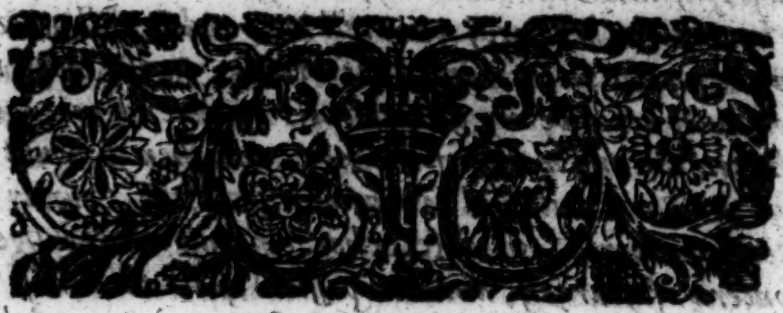

FOR

LUCINDA

Dear Madam,

THis Poem of Tarquin and Lucretia challenges your Patronage and Protection: for I'le assure you, had it not been for your strict Injunctions, it had never seen the light. But since the subject was of so virtuous a Lady as Lucretia, and so ingenuous a Person laid her commands on me to Publish it; I was resolved to give way whatever were the hazard of it, and let Lucretia come to kiss your hands in that innocent Garb she us'd to wear, and that modest Behave that us'd alwayes to accompany her Port aire and actions. But I must beg pardon for all the faults, for being on another more serious subject, I could not review it as I would; neither do I but by accident make Verse my study, yet for divertisements from my unhappy troubles which you know attend me, I sometimes use to make it my recreation. I design'd this Poem as I was walking one Morn among the little Trees of my Wilderness, and writ

most if it down the same day, and so as it is, send it you. What errors there are, pray tell me, and I will amend it in the next Edition, and that's fair. In the mean time you must needs be my Championess to defend me against the censure and malice of the Age, and then I doubt not but this Poem will find favour among all the Courtly and Generous world, as Lucretia *her self must needs oblige the concern of your self, and compassion of all the chast and well disposed. A virtuous disposition is commendable in all, but most in those whose great beauty renders them lyable to many temptations, but yet scorn to be allured by the guilded folly and gaudy nonsence of the times, but their affections are wrought upon by brave temper, honour, and worthiness. How far doth our* Lucretia *differ from the lewdness of the world, whose aiery Nimphs esteem wantonness, well manag'd, the best part of their Portion; when doubtless, sweetness and modesty, added to native Beauty, are infinitely the best accomplishments in a woman, understanding how to value a noble friendship beyond vitious extravagances. Poor* Lucretia *deserves the concern of all for her Misfortune, and vindication of all for her Affection and Loyalty: which must not be judged as wholly impeach'd, though sullyed by this Rape; but yet much redeemed by her Trouble, Anguish, and Death. For such Accidents may inevitably fall out some times, though women stand on never so strict a Guard; though they are genuinly of never so virtuous a temper, yet their tender natures are lyable to be frighted into several inconveniencies they were unwary off. Poor* Lucretia's *floods of Tears had expiated her Crime, if that could be called a Crime, which could not be help'd, but by killing her self first, which though she had better have done before than after, So that by this disaster, the*

Ladies

Ladies of our times may learn to be fore-witted. A wife that is constant, and abominates disloyalty, as did Lucretia, deserves the Love of her Husband, Defence of Nations, and Rulers of Kingdomes for her; but those that shall voluntarily unveil their Modesty, and profane their sacred Vowes at the Altar, and joyn in Confederacy against Loyalty, no punishment is too bad for them; but such low and mean spirits, deserve the scorn of all mankind: Though their vice is clothed with never so much Grandeur, yet they appear too base and unworthy for the Heroick world to own or regard them: Their whole Lives being infamous, and their Actions black and foolish: Their Beauty it self afterwards proves but the Trumpet to make known their disgrace; so much the more I would have all Ladies esteem their Honor, and put a value on Chastity in a Cottage, before the glorious Addresses of Crowns and Empires with Dishonesty: For the Lines of their Faces are by it so altered, that afterwards all their Garb, Paint, and Impudence, can never set them right again in the view of the world: And their Deport makes thousands of others sober and harmlesly free women fare the worse for them. But whither do I run? Dear Madam, I hope you'l pardon this Digression. For the honoured value I have for your Sex, makes me (being on a subject tending this way) give a word or two of caution to the milder sort. For Love ought either not at all to be pretended, or if it be, to be maintained with the greatest Piety and Constancy in the world. I understand no Pleasure on Earth, but Philosophy and Love; one for the serious part of Life, the other for the merry. For all the Grandeurs we have, tend to this of Love at the last. What signifies all the Riches, fine Houses, fine Coaches, Garb, Splendor, and Equipage,

that to endear and entertain the Persons they Love. And as Love is that which causeth most pleasure and satisfaction, so women are the proper and natural Centure of it. What dull Sports are all the Exercises of Hawks, Hounds, Horses, and Drinking, to this of adoring your Sex. Society is the Life of Life, and Women the Life of all Society. And lovely women that are virtuous, the very Angels of this world. Wherefore I would have them do nothing that may render them otherwise than the Stars and Lustre of the Creation; but wearing Souls stampt with the Glory of the Antient Heroes, may like little Deities soar above the ordinary Rank of Mortals: when others chaining their Lives to dark and ever-muted wayes, live slendid and scandalously, and as dull, Inexistents of the world pitifully; while the truly Virtuous and Gallant persons, are happy in themselves, good to others, merit the Lawrels of the wise, and ride triumphant on the Acclamations of the whole world. And after they have by the allowns of their virtues perfum'd the Age they live in, Immortal Story remembers them to Posterity by Deeds truly Heroick and Honourable. But no more of this now, lest I make my Epistle swell into a Volumne, though all I have said, Madam, is but to Come to you at last, who shew your good Understanding, by having such a Concern for this excellent Lady. And as the brave temper is to be pleasant in all Conditions whatever, yet not insensible of the nature of any Condition. To be one can reach at Crowns, or dwell in an Hermitage. So may Madam understand all the Modes and Vicissitudes of women, and remain as heretofore; having the gift also to be lively and well pleased at all times; and can be complaisant when you ought to be so, and at other times reserved. You can be merry, when you may do it with Convenience, or otherwise, be

as well contented to be contriving your Houſhold affairs. I know alſo you hate penurioufneſs as one of the Devils on Earth, eſteeming it meer madneſs to live ſordidly to dye rich. I dare ſay this is much your humour, and ſo I le leave you at the preſent in the midſt of all your happineſs and pleaſant deſign.

Your Friend and Servant

PHILANDER.

THE

as well concerned to be conversing your Household affairs.
I know ally you have permissions such as one of the Devils or Devils, observing it more unusual to have fordidly to do with. I dare say this is much your business, and so I leave you at this present in the midst of all your happiness and pleasant delyes.

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THE

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HISTORY

OF

Tarquin *and* Lucretia.

QUeen of all Cities in the World was *Rome*,
The Nations far and near did thither come
To see their Glory, and themselves to please
There being all things Land could yeild or Seas;
Here was the Pomp, the Splendor, Living high,
The Grandees of the world and Bravery.

Never was seen so great, so rich a Court,
Gallants and Beauties here in Troops resort;
Chariots and Guilded Rooms held them by daies,
The nights were spent in Balls, Treats, Masks, and Plaies,
To give delight nothing was wanting here,
Their Houses brave and nobly furnish'd were.

Set off with Painting, Marbles, and the Glories
Of Pictures, Statues, and the Antient Stories
Adorn'd with Walks, with Gardens, Bathing Courts
What e're with Pleasures suited, or with Sports:
Their Vestures were most rich, no want of Treasures,
They melted and dissolv'd in softest pleasures.

Great *Romulus* first wall'd and built this Place,
Stole *Sabine* Wives and peopled it apace:
So that in stead of wild Woods, Fields and Downs,
He founds a City, and establish'd Crowns;
And from that time to this they still have kept
The Earth in Awe, and there securely slept.

Brave *Collatine* a Roman Senatour
From the proud City liv'd not very far,
He lead a pleasant and contented life,
Enjoy'd the world, and had a handsom Wife,
Who was so good and vertuous too withall,
That they the chast *Lucretia* did her call.

No man was happier in his Choice than he,
Or any woman better pleas'd than she;
They liv'd and lov'd most dearly, at that rate,
As all did envy, or else wish their fate:
The Gods did bless them, and their Joys promove,
To shew what sweet delights there dwelt in Love.

Who

Who e're but view'd and saw their Loves combine,
Plainly beheld th' Almighties great Design
When first he *Adam* made and gave him *Eve*,
As one should both his soul and sense relieve,
And he be to her both a Guard and Guide,
And greater friend than all the world beside.

Lucretia now was Young and in her Prime
The Beautie and the wonder of her time;
Thick Aurean pleasant hair bedeck'd her head,
None was more fair, or lovelier white and red;
A round of Glory like the radiant Sun
Behem'd her still, as a new Morn begun.

A kind of pleasant Clouds enclasp'd her myen
Transparent, and beyond what e're was seen,
Her sprightly Ayre so wav'd about her face,
As if it might be caught in every place;
Her features were transcendent, such her charms,
None veiw'd her shape but wish'd her in his arms.

The Great men had her all in Admiration,
Yet ne're came near her but by Contemplation;
For she so careful of her honour was,
Lest by her means a stain should come to pass;
That she did surely all the waies prevent
Might be her crime or husbands discontent.

But the fierce *Tarquin* who was Prince of *Rome*
Came to her when her Husband was from home,
Pretending buſineſs from her noble Lord,
Or elſe with him ſhe had not ſpoke a word,
For ſhe imploy'd was in her houſe and ſphear,
Surveighing of her buſineſs ev'ry where.

None had more order in her Family,
All did obey the dictates of her eye;
Tarquin the wonder of her ways admir'd,
The more he ſaw, the more he ſtill deſir'd:
But in diſcourſe at laſt he told her plain,
His Errand was her kindeſt love to gain.

What ſhould ſo fair a Lady live ſo long
From Court. There ſtore of all Admirers throng;
In th' Countrie all is dull, while here are Plays,
And all divertiſements your ſoul can raiſe;
Gallants to court you, love you, and commend you,
Whilſt all the Glories in the world attend you.

Madam in ſhort I burn in love with you;
And nought before could e'r my heart ſubdue.
What *Rome* can give or all the Earth beſide
Shall be your Lot if I am not deny'd;
Pardon my ſeeming error, ſo great Love
Changeth from vice, and doth a vertue prove.

O Sir, quoth she, and trembling as she ſtood,
Powring forth of her Chriſtal tears a flood;
I am already to another wed,
And will be truly loyal to his Beb;
Women are loſt and nothing ſignifie
If once they let their fame and honour die.

We muſt not truſt our ſelves with men alone,
They who will truſt can truſted be by none;
For if we play, and love to courted be,
We ſhall reſign to Importunity;
There's none can promiſe what may happen to
One that will freely let all perſons woe.

Who love to be admired but in Jeſt,
Are ſure to loſe their name if not the reſt;
I ſcorn the dirty follies of this age,
Who after various mixtures luſt and rage,
Who marriage make but as a ſtalking horſe,
That they may ſure and ſlyly act things worſe.

As for the crowds in Cities do appear
I value not, I'm beſt contented here;
I ſeek not others honour, praiſe, or love,
My Glory's conſtant to my Lord to prove;
The fooliſh Gallants with their glittering Train
Appear to me ridiculous and vain.

I wonder what you did ſee in my face
Should make you think I'd yeild to this diſgrace;
A light deport ſhould ne're with women ſtay,
Their very looks should fright ill thoughts away:
He comes too near who comes to be deny'd,
Vertue ſhould keep us pure, at leaſt our Pride.

Dear Madam what d'yee mean to think that I
Would injure you, or make your honour fly;
I'le love you, and will do you all the good,
And for your ſake will ſpend my life and blood;
But now by all that's ſacred here I vow,
I would not hurt or elſe diſhonour you.

Grant me your love, and I will ever be
Your perfect Slave and conſtant Votarie:
What is true honour you do much miſtake,
Honour doth never us unhappy make;
Well manag'd Love's allow'd, for ſecreſie
Makes it true friendſhip, not diſhoneſty.

Love is a kind and natural appetite,
None can reſiſt it, or with nature fight,
No more than thirſt, the Doctors preachments can
Alter its courſe no more than alter man;
Or yet can any love whom that they will,
But where it comes they muſt its law fulfill.

The

The Gods themſelves this Paſſion all approve,
And veile their Dieties to own their Love;
This made the Thunderer lay by his Crown,
And oft to Beauties on the Earth come down;
Love breeds ſuch ſoftneſs by its warming gleams,
Melting the hardeſt Rocks to running ſtreams.

What law can your commanding Beauty bind,
Such glorious Creatures muſt not be confin'd;
The common Rules are for the common ſort,
You are above the world and all report;
Such lovely ſouls as you are made to be
Surely for more than ones felicity.

Marriage is but a humour politick,
Collatine got you by ſome cheat or trick;
I wonder in my ſoul he dar'd aſpire
To warm his Genius at your heavenly fire;
You are deſign'd for better things than theſe,
All Kings and Thrones you may command with eaſe.

Begon you Meſſenger of Ribaldry,
How dare you thus to tempt my honeſty;
You make as if I were beyond good fame,
And honour that's ſo great were but a name;
But you ſhall know though honour were aſleep,
Reaſon and Piety my Soul ſhall keep.

Were

Were it no crime, which yet it is the worſt,
A Whore of all things in the world's accurſt,
So mean to ſatisfie baſe mens diſeaſe,
And then to be thruſt off when e're they pleaſe,
And hiſt at by the world, and thrown about
As vileſt Caitiffs by the Revel Rout.

Speak not of naturalneſs, I know all vice
Have in you men a very natural riſe;
And if this Paſſion could not be declin'd,
All things in common would be ſoon reſign'd;
Theſe are but fallacies, Reaſon's our Guide,
Nature from Honeſty doth ne're divide.

What do you tell me that I am exempt
From Laws, That is a poor thing me to tempt,
I have a ſoul, and in that Honour find
Which Queens themſelves as well as others bind,
And Love muſt not be common, or too free,
But always circumſcrib'd with Loyaltie.

Greatneſs or Riches tempt me not at all,
There's few enjoy that which we happy call:
They'r fooliſh Girls that fancy gawdy Flies,
The ſoul and perſon only take the wiſe;
Where each are pleas'd with each beyond all chance,
They ſpurn at Crowns as but a poor advance.

What's

What's Wealth, or Power, or Splendour more to me
Then I enjoy my self: Felicity
Is much mistaken by us Women when
We think we're happy in the greatest men;
They please themselves: When others please us do,
And they are only happy that live so.

Who can have more than I who have a friend,
That nought but death to Love can put an end;
What I desire I have, and I desire
Nothing but what true friendship doth require:
Love is the Star that leads us, nothing eases
Each others mind but what each other pleases.

The Bounds are set which you and I must keep,
And plain to all whose souls are not asleep:
Let single Persons please themseves in friends,
Marry'd must not have such unworthy ends;
They are not then their own, but each the others,
They must live chast and all ill Passion smother.

Why do you tell me of my Beauty so,
They only handsome are that handsome doe;
An ounce of Vertu's worth a load of Beauty,
Who hav't are bound to heaven in greater duty,
'Twas given to make us happy, not more lewd,
And turn such blessings to Ingratitude.

You Atheist would you marriage too profane,
And make me break the sacred oath I have tane:
This is worst yet to palliate the crime,
To make fools of the Gods from first of time;
Know that in keeping firm this holy Pact,
The Gods the being of the world enact.

What e're design before had either part,
Hymen once past nothing must change the heart;
All wounds are salved and bound up in Love,
Nothing should ever this great League remove;
For all excuses then they come too late,
Both sides must bow and buckle to their fate.

I like not that you should ill words bestow
On *Collatine*, or think him to lay low
In my esteem, for that's the common cheat,
It is not outside or the name of great
My soul can charm, the Genius I admire,
How e're none but my Lord I will desire.

Kings are but little things in my esteem,
Nought doth to me so great as vertue seem;
Our Passions and our crimes subdue we must,
I'le not mix Poysons, but will still be just,
Or harbour ill, for *Collatine* is he
Hath all my heart, and shall my constancy.

Madam

Madam one word, once understand but Love
These seeming Rocks will quickly from you move;
Love is a Pleasure you ne're understood,
There is a sprightly Ayre in flesh and blood,
Which once well ken'd all other things are folly,
This makes the hearts and souls of those so jolly.

Converse with Nature that will quickly tell
How many Pleasures in this Passion dwell;
Trees, Birds and Beasts, and Fishes in the Seas
Till they have chose their Loves are ne're at ease;
There is a Loving Fury seizeth all
In Sea, Air, Earth and Heaven, both great and small.

The lively winged people of the Sky
Sing their amours with chanting melody;
The Stars of heaven at one another dart,
Which only is a kind and loving Art.
Why should we fear at all then to be kind
When all things that have life are so inclin'd.

What's all the Glory men or times possess,
But whom they love to pleasure and Caress,
Riches, Garb, Splendor, tend to heighten Love,
And servants are as it doth turn and move;
Love is the great wheel, here moves Gods and men,
And when we come to heav'n we love agen.

Wherefore what is there ere can nobler be
Than this which is so good, so great, so free:
Kept up 'tis at so sweet so kind a rate
It wings us clear above the frowns of Fate.
Then all things else as follyes I despise,
And wait the sentence of your scornful eyes.

You make me first an Atheist, then instill
Sweet melting love, so have me at your will;
But be assur'd for all you are a Prince,
Yet all your slights and art will ne're convince:
Tarquin you miss your aim, 'twill never do,
Yet love I understand as well as you.

Vertue and Love together I adore
Beyond the *Indies* or the richest Ore:
Religion, Duty, Love, then strive to shew
Each its affection, each for to outdoe;
For there's the pleasure when the Love is free
From guilt: But yours is nought but Treachery.

Where harbours Vertue, Love and Innocence,
Pleasures as high as heaven there comence:
These are those pious fewrours well begun
From which streams of content apace do run.
Nothings so dear as harmony of Hearts,
There's what's in Kingdoms, Empires, Crowns, or Arts.

Whose

Whoſe humourous fancy's lead them to be great,
Some forreign matters ſtill with dangers threat,
And trouble too or Treaſon doth attend,
But all things reſt and ſweeten in a friend:
Friendſhip is that all things and creatures woe
Makes Life more pleaſant than all elſe can doe.

Yet theſe true ſolid joys ther's none can tell
But thoſe that do in Love's fair Kingdom dwell;
And this breeds the true pleaſure when we know,
'Tis honeſt, lawfull, and we may do ſo,
Then without fear we may reſign to Love:
What was a crime a duty now doth prove.

We may live merry if our Bounds we keep,
Wine we may drink, but muſt not go too deep.
Then *Tarquin* underſtand and be at reſt,
I've all things in the world that pleaſe me beſt;
I'm pleas'd in my condition and my ſtate,
And I'le as conſtant be as holy Fate.

But did I him not like, nought elſe I'd love,
Our fancies ſhould not wander, rowl, or move;
We muſt not ſtraggle or raiſe needleſs duſt,
For who does ſo loves to create a Luſt;
I love not to be call'd a light-heel'd Dame,
And thought to be regardleſs of my fame.

What a poor ſpirit 'tis to be undreſt,
And at the will of man to play the Beaſt,
And ever after muſt remain their ſlave,
If any comfort in their lives will have,
And for a moments folly muſt endure
A whole Life's ſhame, and always be impure.

Theſe are the words which she to *Tarquin* ſpoke,
Which did him not appeaſe but more provoke;
For the more chaſt and vertuous was she,
The greater mind to rifle her had he:
But when she ſaw she could not him ſubdue,
She turn'd about and to her chamber flew.

But as the ſwift foot Greyhound breaks the Air,
And runs with ſpeed when that he ſees the Hare;
So follow'd *Tarquin*, and broke in before
That she had time to ſhut the Chamber door;
He quickly shew'd how ill he had been bred,
For preſently he laid her on the Bed.

And there contemplated the lovely make
Of all her dainty Limbs, His eyes did take
The greateſt pleaſure that the Earth could give
To any mortal in this world and live:
She had ſuch Beauty dwelt in ev'ry part,
Beyond diſcription of the Pen or Art.

He

He was in heat before, but now in flame,
Longing for to enjoy this curious frame;
His heart and blood and ſoul was now confounded,
Torrents of Love on all ſides him ſurrounded
Oh Gods quoth he why do you mortals tempt,
Yet by your Laws from pleaſures them exempt?

He was reſolved now to ranſack all
That men do chaſtity or beauty call,
And bleſs himſelf upon this ſweet compoſure,
Thinking he ne're ſhould have the like encloſure;
Wherefore he ſpeeded to make uſe of time
This Lady being in her chiefeſt Prime.

And without fear unto thoſe parts made way,
Which as affecting make her fly or ſtay:
But then ſhe vow'd that if he left her breath,
Before ſhe'd yeild ſhe'd ſurely be his death;
And there Conjur'd him not to touch her more,
Yet like a Supliant did him there implore.

With that he fell down on his bended knees,
Begging to grant him thoſe felicity's;
Told her his Paſsion and his mighty flame,
An hundred Alters ſhould burn to her name;
And all the honour in the world ſhould be
A Sacrifice unto her memory.

But

But she a thousand thousand tears let fall,
And said this day should be her funeral
Before this wrong that she would undergoe,
And humbly pray'd this thing he would not doe:
Pity said she use not this cruelty,
This is the worst of inhumanity.

But nothing would his humour now withstand,
He laid her body at his sole command,
And rufled all her Garments very rudely,
That he might view her loveliness more lewdly;
Nothing would keep him back, for he was bent
To ravish her if she would not consent.

And then he told her plain that since she could
Not grant him his desires he force her would;
And after kill her and her Negro too,
And lay him by her side and all should know
That he enjoy'd you, and that I was there,
And kill'd you both as in the act you were.

This dreadful Story in her mind she mus'd,
She's loth to yeild, yet loth to be abus'd;
But what with fear at last his wrath and thunder,
He forc'd her purest chastity asunder;
And between Will ye Nill ye did enjoy
His hot desires, and after went his way.

But

But she did rave like one that was stark mad,
Nothing could ease her heart it was so sad:
O Fool said she was I to suffer this,
Better that I had dy'd than done amiss;
For then I'd left the world pure innocent,
Now I must kill my self for discontent.

I lost my honour honour to enjoy,
My body now polluted I'le destroy;
Yet why should I consent I did not give,
Which makes the sin, however I'le not live:
Unhappy womens beauty, and their fears
That draw them in such plunges and such snares.

I'le never live a minute longer sure,
Since nothing now my honour can secure;
I hate to see the light or else mankind,
No comfort in my life at all I find
My guilt so startles me, the world will say
Lucretia like the rest loves private play.

O fatal day, oh horrid accident,
That robs me thus of honour and content:
Tell me ye Higher Powers what course to take
That I may yet my life but happy make.
What fond word did I say, alas there's no Power
Can ever, ever what I lost restore.

Then take me death, my Shrowd my Tomb prepare,
My burden'd soul shall straight possess the Air;
I'le sacrifice my self for to appease
The angry Gods, and give my spirits ease:
With that she set a dagger to her breast,
And sent her soul unto eternal rest.

Her Women gave such shreeks to see her fall
Quickly resounded in the high-roof'd Hall,
Piercing the ears of all within the place,
Which made them flock and thunder up apace;
Where, oh Misfortune, they their Lady found
Near to deaths borders by her own hands wound.

Just as this Hurry was in agitation
Comes *Collatine* with many men of fashion,
Who dream'd some ill had hapned to his Wife,
Which made him post away as for his life;
For no man ever lov'd a woman better,
And she was never unto him a debter.

He came up to the house, and in at door,
But none did see, yet heard them cry and roar;
At last one bolder than the rest came down
That told the news, at which his breath was gone;
But he recovering himself at last,
Up stairs he went to see what there had past,

And

And found the ſtory true to his great grief,
And could not ſee a way to get relief:
He wrung his hands, invok'd, made horrid wiſhes,
Then gave her fainting limbs ten thouſand kiſſes;
He call'd *Lucretia* loud juſt by her ſide,
She anſwer'd, I am thine alone, then dy'd.

And ſo now paſt all hope ſhe did depart,
Which laſt adieu was like to break his heart;
No Doctors means or art was left unſought,
But all experiments did come to nought;
Her countenance chang'd at laſt and ſhe grew cold
As he her body in his arms did hold.

Friends then perſwaded him to come away,
And would not let him in her chamber ſtay.
Poor *Collatine* did rave and tore his hair,
And with his diſmal mones did pierce the Air:
At laſt ſome little comfort eas'd his breath,
Vowing revenge for his *Lucretia's* death.

Quoth he ſhe was conſtant to me all her life,
None was more loving or a better Wife;
And at the laſt from me ſhe would not ſtray,
Though *Tarquin* fain would had her quite away;
But ſhe vow'd to him ſhe would die before
That ere ſhe'd goe from out her husbands door.

Who hearts deceitful have, vain, light, or lewd
I'de let them drive amongst the multitude,
I would not be their Jayler, for this know
Where freedom wo'nt oblige nothing will do:
Whose Mistress cleaves to him he's bound t'adore,
But he is mad strives for anothers Whore;

Like unto *Marcus Craslabone* the great,
Who had a Wife both light was and a cheat,
Who rob'd her Husband, and concealed lay
While she with *Damasus* had private play;
Yet *Marcus* fought his Rival, but was kill'd,
Whose Wife had then her end when's blood was spill'd.

So pious *Marcus* weltred on the ground
Whilst his base Wife did dress the others wound;
O cruel wretch was't not enough to do
To leave him, but thus persecute him too:
What horrid treacheries was founded here,
Hell gave her counsel, and her course did steer.

What stony heart can now from tears refrain,
To think that mortals should such crimes retain:
The barbarous Nations round about us here,
Never so savage or so rude appear;
Honour, Love, Laws, Religion, Gratitude
Are lost and buried in a heart so lewd.

But

But dear *Lucretia* thou didſt love me ſo,
Greater affection none could ever ſhew;
Hadſt thou inconſtant been or falſe to me,
I'd never be concern'd or fight for thee,
I'd let thee pine and ſink in thy own ſhame;
But now I'm bound to vindicate thy name.

O all ye Gods in the celeſtial ſtate
If Juſtice is not with you out of date,
As 'tis on Earth your powers I do invoke
To help me at this plunge, your holy book
I yeild to, and your hard'ſt decrees obey,
Your Alters ſtill ſhall flame, I'le all dues pay.

If this be ſuffer'd who can live at reſt,
None will be found to keep an honeſt breaſt,
Marriage eſteem'd was always, for if that
Be once profan'd farewel the ſacred knot
Of all ſociety, then farewel Laws,
Ruine attends upon ſo bad a cauſe.

Nature it ſelf in Love commands Propriety,
Elſe no good off-ſprings would be or ſociety,
No care of Child or how to manage Land,
But every one would graſp what comes to hand;
All Children would be Baſtards, Men Deceivers,
No Government, Religion, or Believers.

All hold propriety a thing moſt dear,
But nothing ever like a Wife ſo near;
With that he pauſ'd: but could not grief aſſwage,
But plots the founding of a tragick age;
Strange Sceans are laid, confuſions quickly flow,
Brutus the Rebel cloſes with him too,

And helpt the broyl: quoth he, we're void of fear,
All this whole Province for you will appear;
Collatia is already up in Arms,
And vow to keep you from all future harms.
I'le lead the forces and maintain the day,
Command me as your ſlave I will obey.

Now nought but quarrels gave their hearts contentment
Theſe humours in their breaſts had ſuch reſentment.
Armes at all points, nothing will them debar,
They'd Peace ſo long, that they are mad for War;
Both ſides make ready, now the battle comes,
Which gives to many unexpected Tombs.

How thick the Hills were ſpred with lookers on,
While ſome for victory to the Temple run;
What ſhreiks are heard ſometimes, then Trumpet ſounds
Whet up their courage and their foes confounds:
Here bodies mangled are, what direful ſlaughters,
What cries of mournful Widows, Wives and Daughters.

To tell of all the furies, heats, enragements,
Raunges of Battle, and the fierce Engagements:
Who lead the Wings of Horſe up, who the Foot,
Which ſide gave ground, and which the beſt ſtood too't
Requires a Volume: and beſides black night
Now ſummons both the Armies to retreat.

So here I'le leave and do as the Romances,
Lead up your thoughts with many pretty fancies.
Then leave you in a Cloud, and never cloſe,
For then your mind would have too much repoſe;
But then 'tis beſt: when thoughts ſtill farther bend,
For there the pleaſure never hath an End.

FINIS.

For all of all the Arms, Legs, and Joynts
Running of Beads, and the fierce Engagements:
Who lead the Wings of Horse up, who the Foot;
Which side gave ground, and which the last stood to't:
Require a Volume: and befides which might
Not summon both the Armies to retreat.

So here I'le leave and doas the Romances,
Lead up your thoughts with many pretty fancies.
Then leave you in a Cloud, and never clole,
For then your mind would have too much repole;
But then 'tis best: when thoughts full farther bend,
For there the pleasure never hath an End.

FINIS.